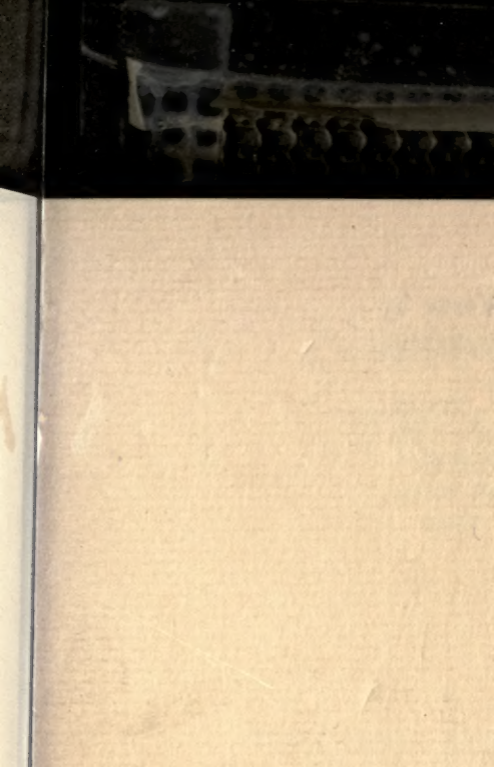




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A NORTHERN TRAIL

Works in Verse by
William Blocksidge

SOUTHERN SONGS
SANDAL AND GUM
MORETON MILES
A NORTHERN TRAIL
THE NEW LIFE

A NORTHERN TRAIL

BY

WILLIAM BLOCKSIDE



PRIVATELY PRINTED

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To
Miss Grace Levin

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TO A SKYLARK

BRAVE melodist of bright ethereal meads,
Immortal master-singer to the sun,
Soul of all flesh-rid ecstasy that feeds
At streams where breaking thought is unbegun,
Where shall we match the measure that compels
Thy rapid throat—the radiant roundelay
That cloudward runs on undeclining wings ?
'Tis a too-natural canticle. Away !
And climb thou into the sapphire citadels
On sound, thou single minstrel there that sings.

The fields have been despoiled of their rank robes
Spangled with ox-eyed daisies and corn-flowers :
Gone are the cruel shears ; and Ruin probes
No more behind the heavy-heeléd mowers :
Therefore the skies, like temples choristered,
Are ringing with that loud melodiousness ;
While Peace, smooth-footed, passes with lift hands
And eloquent eyes, vowing to richly bless
Love's later labour of this Spring deferred
In the lush aftermath of meadow-lands.

TO A SKYLARK

Thrice-blissful bird, ah ! say, that raptured breath
By what mind-overgoing power impelled ?
Or couldst unflood such happiness, say, if Death
Thy brain with his heart-searing hands had held ?
Vain speculation ! It shall never spoil
That lucent runnel dropping through the skies
From where those circles of full sound thou weavest.
Ah ! could I but believe what thou believest,
And, like thee azure-housed, impetuous rise
And fill the world with song no pain could soil !

Away ! thou tuneful lover of all light.
Less to the lorn dusk-quiring nightingale
Be given the praise, that takes with summer flight.
Down heaven's steep scatter thy limpid scale !
What divine mystery shall unmemory man
Up to such excellent madness ? What shall bless
Too-prevalent being of its weighty bane ?
Shall we first empty, ere they yield this span,
Ages not yet sown ? Or never again
Clew out the riddle of unconsciousness ?

THE MYTH

A WOODLAND song, melodious wild,
Went ringing from a radiant child—
Ringing and floating with ebb and flow
Into the listening land below.

And in that land below I lay,
Slumbering by a stream,
The while the marvellous melody
Dropped into my dream.

Would God that I could tell it—
Could limn that marvellous melody !
'Twould send the soul on holiday :
Yea, unto Paradise 'twould spell it.

“ To hell ! thou foul fate-gaping ghoul.
For thee I shall not so,
Before me on the shard there shuffling,
Shambling and shuffling to and fro.”
He gripped my gaze ; then down he sways
Suddenly and not slow.

THE MYTH

He sunk his hands in the golden sands,
In the sands of golden time ;
He flung them aloft, and chanted soft
A weird and wonderful rhyme ;
And through his fingers so skinny and old
Dropped drowsily down the sands of gold.

Then into the stream he hurled me,
For sorely was he strong ;
And straight the current whirled me,
Sadly weeping, along—
For I heard no more the song.

And soon I came where now I stay
Wailing, wishing time away,
Thrown upon this promontory,
Torn by birds with beaks all gory—
Those slumbrous birds whose drowsy bills
Drop solemn languid syllables,
Who plume their feathers at the fountains
When the tired sun steps on the mountains.

HYMN TO THE MORNING STAR

BRIGHT harbinger of Day, the orient doors
Unbolt, till she, mid songs of raptured choirs,
Runs dancing upon the dewy ground,
Her radiant brows in roses bound,
Her flaunting hair up-curled in crescent fires.
Brave herald ! on the wave-escaléd shores,
On hills rugged, and emerald-deckéd floors,
Hallowéd fanes are made for thee,
And holy offerings laid for thee,
Whose hornéd lantern now my hymn inspires.

THE BARREN HEART

FEIGN poets, in a faeryland of old
How light-foot virgins blest a thousand meads,
And slender youths, for lovers' rosy deeds
Well apt, their radiant tale for ever told.
In Spring perpetual, felt no heart the cold.
Unfading Love reigned there—ruled daily needs,
From hillside cavern down to the haunted reeds
Of green-lipped rivers, in that realm of gold.

My heart, alas ! like wild and withered sands
Of perished plains is, hurled in ravenous breath
Of blighting storms, or stale with heat unproved.
O might some fruitful tide those arid lands
O'erflood, that soon this shame of barren death
Yield to the emerald where that sea hath moved !

LINES TO A GIRL

SEEN IN THE MARKET PLACE AT MAINZ

FORTUNE'S a god ; his fatal throne
No purple else more potent than—
How oft his ordinant good, unknown,
Is passed unvalued of a man !

And gone, 'tis like that never again
His fellowed good that one shall find,
But, long in quest, a breaking chain
At last about his being bind.

Thou marvellous maid ! was right intent
So to resolve thee to a dream ?
Or haply thou (alas ! then) meant
My incompleteness to redeem ?

Thy countenance so calmly shone,
Of kind and comely matters telling !
A lively mind, a gentle tone,
Were lodged within how fair a dwelling !

And when day's clamorous cares are dim
Thy soft clear syllabing is caught,
Swelling a wanton sweet low hymn
Along the silent ways of thought.

TO THE DAWN

LIKE a timid maiden
With the midnight mystery laden
Of some tender love
Not the starry towers above
Could boast, with early gems
Thy pallid robes upon,
Come !—with tranced dreams
Of golden moments gone.
Come, and I will render thee
Praise from the deep heart of me.

Thou to me hast taught
Many a radiant thought ;
And from thy bourgeoned bringing
Even now my heart is singing.
Come, with flowing locks
About thy shoulders blown.
Come !—Who is it knocks
Lightly my lattice on ?
'Tis my Love. I'll rise unto her ;
Now my soul with songs shall woo her.

A SONNET

(On Approaching the Stubai Range, Tyrol, in Winter)

SPIRIT enthroned of these eternal hills,
Splendid in power and comeliness thou art—
An elevate soul, a sovereign mind apart,
That care in my mortality repeals.
My understanding rapt how primely fills
With star-raised harmonies, whose pulses start
Into impotence my being's baser part,
Till this remit with Deity aye that dwells !

Then light am I as gossamer on wind,
A tranced thought, a flame that doth abjure
Palpable things, floating in essence pure.
In forms related here we spell to find
What kinship with this matter couples mind—
How strong in a soul-consonant merge secure !

THE SOLITARY SHEPHERD

A SHEPHERD there dwells in the silent hills,
The lonely valleys along,
Who ever and aye his pipe doth play
To the tune of a troubled song.

To the tune of a troubled song he plays,
For sorely troubled is he,
The sweetest of all Love's roundelays,
A desolate melody.

It tells how long throughout the earth
He has sought, but never could find,
The lovely being whose only birth
Is in his aching mind ;

And how he longs like the coursing deer
Would look on a cooling stream,
To mould together in device clear
The elements of his dream.

Its brow is fair that his bosom burns ;
Its locks are as bright as gold ;
Though Fancy reveals the vision by turns
In a mutable garment stoled.

THE SOLITARY SHEPHERD

Its voice would chime with a magic rhyme
Like the music of waterfalls
Hearkened afar when flocks each star
To the heavenly festivals.

And eyes it has so wondrous kind
That his breath is borne away ;
And seek he must though never he find
Until his dying day.

A shepherd there dwells in the silent hills,
The lonely valleys along,
Who ever and aye his pipe doth play
To the tune of a troubled song.

THE UNFATHOMABLE

ALAS, that we might tell, my heart,
Whither belovéd souls depart !
Slip do they their load of earth,
Appointed to habitual birth ?
For aye do they forget i' the ground,
Part of Nature's pulse and round ?
Or move, in realms outsoaring sight,
Calmly in robes of everlasting light ?

A SONNET

WRITTEN IN THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT ROME,
AT THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SHELLEY

ASHES and dust are heaped in holiest urns—
This each calm deathless sepulchre acclaims ;
And spirits blest to bear remembered names
Make thence a brand that through dark travail burns.
Proudly that torch their paths illumines ; it turns
Backward the shadow of Death's great wings, and shames,
In hands uplift that fire those saving flames,
Despair and that foul crew that Pleasure spurns.

High-raised ! for ever hymned on golden harps
Of Poesy, haunting this untroubled wood,
Chant did ye not in world-toil and in tears ?
Souls the dull wheel outwears, not therefore warps,
Were yours ; alone of such are formed the good
Full-wingéd songs of age emptied and fears.

TO THE MOON

(From the German of Goethe)

CALMLY again with nebulous beams
Fill'st thou bush and vale,
While my soul, absolvéd, streams
Past the ultimate pale.

Spread is thy softening glance abroad
Above the fields and me,
The mild Eye like that doth record
How stands my destiny.

Now of glad and gloomy days
Each echo my heart feels :
Lonely I go along the ways
Where Pain with Pleasure steals.

Flow, belovéd river, flow !
Never I'll happy be !
So fled the jest, the kiss, and so
Has fled sincerity.

And yet time was I held it, yea,
What is so exquisite—
Why to his more affliction may
Never a man forget ?

TO THE MOON

Rush, river, now, without repose,
Peaceless the vale along ;
Glide swiftly, murmuring ever those
Melodies to my song—

When thou with a maddening sound
Flood in the cold dark hours,
Or when thou art springing round
The splendour of young flowers !

Blest who hides him from all men
Calmly, who may limn
In his heart a friend, and then
May rejoice with him

On what, nor seen of men nor pondered
So in vital sight,
Through the breast's deep maze hath wandered
In the silent night.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN now doth move along the land
In measured stateliness, with her ripe hand
Vowed to bounty, the while with sickle keen
Comes Death, to crouch in her demesne.
What though our hearts near hold we these and dear ?
All lovely things that lie in the lap o' the year
 Must go ;
 Soon the snow
Settling shall be on their bier.

Clippéd days and clouded skies
Come to vouch a term that seemeth
 Hard the heir to such a prize
As the old Summer schemeth.
Now while nodding Nature waketh,
Spring-affined, each clear throat shaketh
Merrily in the fading woods ; and things
Affect in broad the tone that Autumn brings.

Weald and mead, with downs and dales,
Tempered fruits and herbs, are bearing
Stoles upon their backs appearing
Gaily pied with mellow-grainéd scales.

AUTUMN

Golden in the harvest show
Now apple holt and dry hedge-row,
Gorse and grain and sunshut glow.

Season gotten of the sun,
With this rich myriad-mantle on,
We do love the warm delight
Your dark housing with and bright.
With all the tones that come between
Shotten through in radiant sheen
Your robes are. Ay, through leaping leaves
And the treasures of sheaves
Death's wealth your silent hand for evermore
inweaves.

DEVONSHIRE

WINTER, that lays in waste these northern lands,
Leaves one demesne, the loveliest and the best,
Wholly unravished, where that term, full-dressed
In royal robes, fair Nature retiring stands.
Down, vale, and rivers, village, farm, and strands
Clear-washed, and, honouring Tor, that radiant crest
In Devon's crown, the Queen of English West,
Take each the spruce abundance of her hands.

Tough men beneath these lenient skies were bred :
In greener ages Grenvilles ploughed with swords ;
And Drakes and Raleighs swept the freighted seas.
Danes, French, upon her Saxon valour bled ;
Poets and bishops sage her file records ;
And kings in Devon frontiers made their knees.

TO SYDNEY

BRIGHT Queen of my belovéd Land,
Our full hearts evermore expand
In proper pride for thee. O may
Thy destiny have remotest day !
May thy comeliness and strength
Both have largess of a length ;
And laurel that high fame allows
Hang ever upon thy radiant brow,
Thou gentle Queen, thou good and grand
First Lady of our Southern Land.

Now, far removed, my bosom burns
For thee ; my heart anhungered turns
In memory to thy blesséd ways :
What in the world shall pass thy praise ?
While I am quick do thou but keep
A corner for my song and sleep ;
And when my limbs be laid in stones
Then clasp to thy dear breast my bones.

A SONNET

WHAT shall unmew from this monotonous hell
My soul, upcovered deep with stale of days
Wrecked in abominations ? Or what raise
This shame of ruined hours irrevocable ?
Seared leaves that ravening winds (late passions fell)
Tear from the boughs of life—on trackless ways
The bleachéd bones, the spilth where hotly preys
Pestilence—yea, have I not writ them well ?

Yet leperous ghouls must glut, so Nature rules,
On food affined ; also the withered leaves
Drop with the seed and warm it towards the Spring.
Then rise ! my soul. This dross put off reprieves
Thee 'gainst a renovate birth, unportioning
Thy choking wrack and stagnant marish pools.

SPRING

HAIL ! thou fount of full delight !
Come, and fling with liberal hand
Youth and laughter infinite
Throughout all the land !
Wanton of the genital fire,
Warméd now shall be desire :
Each in jovial measure whirls,
Whistling lads and dancing girls.

In the groves the feathered choirs
Chant their orisons to thee ;
While the lark to the heavens aspires
To sing thee worthily.
Every less melodious throat
Pours for Nature's hymn a note ;
And through the shady thicket swells
The mellow song of Philomel's.

Now the bee with roomy bag
Plunders in the honied blooms ;
Now the harbourers hold the stag
Where spring and coppice come.

SPRING

Washed now the sky shall be
Of all its winter's enmity ;
And murmurous runnels slide along
Singing rounds of vernal song.

Blithe the cock with trumpet shrill
Blows across the hurrying morn.
Now hath the lover all his will
Under the budding thorn ;
Full many a bedstead there shall be
Made for Youth and Jollity,
Or in the hay or 'neath the hedge,
Their vows eternalwise to pledge.

BREWERY CELLAR SONG

*(Written, on a day in Salvator Week, in the Paulaner
Keller, Munich)*

FILL the bowl ! Fill the bowl !
Man was born no frugal soul ;
And liquor it tells a lively tale.
Here's a health now in good ale !

Have no care, have no care
Over the kindly cup to spare !
Seize on pleasure while ye may !
For moping lives the longer day.

So we'll sing, while we fling,
Joinéd in a jovial ring,
Of how that man forgets to mourn
When he drains the drinking-horn.

BACCHANALIAN DUET

- A.* BACCHUS, hail ! thou monarch mine.
Flowing bowls of jocund wine,
Dripping over their brims, shall be
Pledges of my love for thee !
- B.* Bacchus, hail ! thou frolic soul.
As I fill the buxom bowl
All thy fets by me be found !
All my cares by thee be drowned !
- A. & B.* Blood of grapes long mellowing,
Life and lustier pleasure bring !
Scorning cold and scorning care
Now we'll quaff the measure there !
- A.* Make for me this Winter's night
Warmer watching upon delight,
That I who drain the sparkling rummer
Dream of seldom-weeping Summer !
- B.* Fill my veins with generous fire,
Until my wanton will aspire
To a live and lovely thing
Housed with emerald-hearted Spring !

BACCHANALIAN DUET

A. & B. Then, O we'll sing o' the greening Spring !
We'll sing o' the greening Spring O !
For never a care, nor cold, is there ;
But a live and pleasing thing O !

B. Cold is the grave ; and long we'll lie

A. (Now ponder this, ye pious men)

B. Deep in its bowels when we die.

A. And there's no drinking then.

A. & B. So charge your cups and toss them, boys !
This night the sprightly wine employs.
'Tis men too sage alone forget
That living folk are not dead yet.

A. Your tippler he (*B.* and such are we)
Makes merry while he may :

B. Then here's to thee

B. Then here's to thee

A. & B. A right good health and gay !

B. This liberal flood (*A.* the grape's heart-blood)
Cares all it hounds away.

A. & B. Then fool your fads ; and join, my lads,
This jovial roundelay !

Your tippler he (and such are we)
Makes merry while he may :

Then fool your fads ; and join, my lads,
This jovial roundelay !

TO INDOLENCE

WORST shame, affecting barren-bringing time,
How many hours inestimable with thee
Consume ! which gone, thy getless company
Justly I curse—more dalliance fouler crime !
What folly to lose the unreturning prime
Of hot-foot days thus ! Lo ! they plunge from me
Into the lost seas of Eternity—
For ever, and not one record but this rhyme.

That man who'd play the pregnant part must learn
To prop it with an iron-pithéd will.
Then labours total in the sum they prove.
Dull Indolence, I fain would therefore spurn
Thy lepering guile, O grave's disease ; and still
In such wise grippest thou I lack to move.

TO ———

TEARS idle are these rueful pearls
Love tells on rosaries of pain—
Why, many a lad and light-foot girls
In flocks have done't, and shall again !

Weep not ! All flowers must leave their stems
At last, and wither quite away ;
And fresh dew, in the morning gems,
Shall dry long ere the close of day.

A DREAM

HER head was covered thick with heavy gold,
That fled away, then, lightly running down
In laughing ringlets unto her frolic heel,
Made a flame-burnished mantle for her form.

Like youths and maidens sprightly while they go,
The league-seen flowers, that walked across the fields
From far away, were dancing about our feet ;
And viewless choirs made praises for my Love.

God ! give again the passion in that hour—
Such passion as, alas, may come alone
In unperpetual dream ! God ! how we ripened
Into each other ! How the dear birds sung !

TO A HEART-GLADDING WOMAN

LADY, if I might have assigned of thee
An alms (thy pleasure serving as thy power),
It were to attend thee for one briefest hour,
That I might thence so broad a bliss for me.
High consecration houses in thine eyes ;
What psalms thy lips' chaste syllabing ! My need,
Being how suppliant ! bountied, more would bless.
And if it prove thou mayst no more devise
For my content, still, hear me what I plead ;
Sacred I'll hold that hallowed graciousness.

ALL IS VANITY

(From the Early German)

REMAIN, beloved Companion, still ;
Lie calm : 'tis not yet morning.
The watchman but deceive us will :
The moon is still returning.
And many a tiny star I see
Down through the cloud-veils swinging.
Lie, loved Companion, calm by me ;
Nor heed the watchman's ringing.

She spoke : " The tidings please me well :
By thee I'm then remaining.
Longing and harms far off shall dwell :
Our time, no load detaining,
Shall speed along by a joyous way.
Now, till the light be shotten,
The morning grey, the cares, the day,
Beloved, shall be forgotten."

Me close she pressed to her little breast.
My heart to burst was bending.
She said : " My honour be confessed
The first of all thy tending.
Deep in thine arms, Beloved, I lie,
There alone my rest upsumming."
—But the watchman then did call and cry :
I see the daylight coming.

TO WINTER

IN THE MIDST OF HIS REIGN

THOU grim Physician, primed with septic shears,
Dissembling in regenital death's repose
The pulse of Earth and her green-jocund throes,
How dull thy visage on this day appears !
Now let the dismal heaven but weep its tears
Come frozen ever ; no wind coeval blows
Filled with the melting perfume of the rose ;
And fair things all have found forsaken biers.

O haste then, spiritless messenger, those pains
To plump the sources of the unfruitful Earth
For livelier yield in wood and wold and lawn !
For thy sake hearts shall leap more with the gains
Of renovate Spring, walking the land with mirth
As after the cold dark night cries forth the Dawn.

ON SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD
SURELY WED

HERE be limned shall witness plain
Whither my heart were surely fain.

A young virgin I prefer,
One with the primal spring on her ;
So purest-lipped her kiss would leave
All shame ashamed ; her voice a lute,
Unheard to rise, whence listening mute
Were sirens. Furthermore conceive
A timorous touch that bringing on
No priest applied such benison
Either for gold or god. My whim
Hearken of her shall clean the rooms
Up in my heart when thither comes
Love, made fit to welcome him.

Then would I pluck the gentle fruit
With meet delaying upon her suit,
Fashioning that she leave to weep
The loss of things would never keep.
This child with amber-hanging curls,
Gathering may with boys and girls
About the fields, herself to dress
In that unsoiled voluptuousness,

ON SUCH AS HE WOULD WED

Aside shall put what maidens set them
Hoping a pleasing Love to get them,
While I make her leave to weep
Things, though fair, that will not keep,
And teach her gently to prefer
That summer shall then descend on her.

O many a piece of proper bliss,
If she mourn, and many a kiss
Shall I apply ; until the part
From her but half consenting heart
At last she'll learn, her shy repenting
Me to rapturous vein assenting.
Yielding so her bashful side
As shall become the virgin bride,
The ravening such a maidenhead
Shall hallow evermore my bed.

This to follow then I would—
Other to each be ample good
Throughout, that quieter life shall prove
Grounded on one bed and love.
Then to bourgeon from our sides
Lusty sons and fruitful brides,
A progeny to acclaim the day
I stole her from the fields away.

Nor shall complaining be though fit
Sorrows in love should temper it.
And betterment from a timely term
Of severing sound is made and firm.

ON SUCH AS HE WOULD WED

And since no man alive may bring
His days to see another spring,
Flesh for his limbs, nor for his heart
Blood, to play a second part,
Yet surely for long kindness she
My lack shall quite forgive it me.

Then let us drop, and neither be
Left to a loathsome liberty :
One violence come to close the play
And bear us to one grave away,
Where virgins shall upheap the flowers,
And wish their fortunes like to hers.

THE MINSTREL

O HEAR, O hear, my Masters dear ;
Nor hide your hearts away !
For you among I've played and sung
Full many a faithful day.
And will ye let me hunger now
Whose heart has often bled
All for your sakes, or will ye vow
To give me wine and bread,
Ere the hand that runs on the golden strings
And the throat so merry and loud that sings,
Making holiday as they must,
Masters, they shall come to dust ?

O hear, O hear, my Masters dear ;
Nor hide your hearts away !
And still I'll bring my gittern, and sing
Full many a lusty roundelay.
And ye shall give me bread and wine—
God thank ye for that, I say ;
And all the merriest songs of mine
I'll sing as long as ever I may—
Till the hand that runs on the golden strings
And the throat so merry and loud that sings,
Making holiday as they must,
Masters, they shall come to dust.

A NYMPH'S DIRGE

ALL forlorn,
Moan and mourn
This nymph now laid in luckless urn !

Mourn her with each mellow note
Of the viol and the flute—
Such music droppeth with a rill
In many a liquid syllable ;
Mourn her with a sylvan song,
Shepherds ye, the hills among ;
For penitent prayers the virgin pays
Under the shadowy cypresses.

Myrrh and balm and ambergris,
Oil of roses, and the spice
Of savoury powdered cinnamon,
And aromatics every one
Of Solomon and of Celebes
Lavéd in the silver seas,
A sack of lucent sendaline,
A beryl quilting long and green,
The mace of Ha, and every gem
That joins in her warm diadem—
Costly are these and these be fair ;
On her tomb we spill them here,
With nard and balsams all that be,
And amaranth and rosemary.

A NYMPH'S DIRGE

Now maids in companies here shall come
And wash with their salt tears the tomb,
Then, bending o'er this sepulchre,
Softly wipe it with their hair,
Then lay upon it, clean and neat,
Garlands at her head and feet,
Until the moon and stars are gone
Spilling their pearls the graves upon.

Ah ! when the warm sun in the groves
Fires the hearts of feathered Loves,
No more thou'lt glad a lover's eyes
And load the lad with gayeties :
For ever in shade of cooléd cells
As cold thou'lt lie as icicles.

Or dost thou in some mansion dwell
Upon the plains of asphodel,
With cedar rafters many a rood,
And wealth of scented sandalwood,
And golden girdles run that be
On pillars round of porphyry ?

The tears of pilgrims on the road
They'll sprinkle for thy bitter abode ;
And nymphs shall sing beside the seas
Dolorous-dropping roundelays.

All forlorn,
Moan and mourn
This nymph now laid in luckless urn !

SONNET

*(On Hearing Some Boys Singing at a Monastery in
the Inn Valley, Tyrol)*

Listen ! the quiet vale a voice hath found :
Attuning here, a mellow-throated throng
Turn to the skies their trance-evoking song
Until the King of Hosts in heaven is crowned.
That psalm the careful monk doth now expound
Disclosing praise of Mary, saints among ;
And once more, hark ! in the solemn stillness sung,
Ye hear that high-rapt harmony resound.

Music, when thou art pledged to prosperous themes
Uplift the spirit thou canst until it soars
Past the short bounds of our assuréd vision :
So peasants have, and practise here, their dreams—
Now flaming host the trumpet-music pours ;
And harping choirs chant of the circumcision.

MEMORIES

ONCE my heart was laden
Low with care ;
Now soft the unpassing maiden
Sleeps there.
And never another one there'll be
As was that maiden unto me.

On the soil of Sorrow
Flowers arise ;
Learning thence to borrow,
They devise
Sweet perfumes that seem to be
The fragrance of Eternity.

A MOTHER'S HEART

TIRELESS is the love that lies
In true mother's heart. It tries
Heavy what or smoothly had,
Sorrow-abiding what or glad,
What in worth is full or poor,
Crumble what or will endure—
That heart proves the good and fair
With the great love housing there.

Keep will that loving heart for us
All hid things, ay, and weep for us ;
And near a source so pure in play
No mire but washed is that away.
All manner of fears that firm heart mends ;
And wills of iron, too, it bends ;
For that heart with its great love could
Encompass anything it would.

TRUE BEING

(Written in St. Mark's, Venice)

THIS hour hath shown my heart a radiant thing :
The precept blazoned here in marble, gold,
And gems, in this refulgence manifold,
Hath done my full redemption. Here I fling
From me delight in graceless matters—cling
Unto the truth this comeliness hath told :
My spirit the first Ultimate doth behold,
And shakes the soiling world-dust from its wing.

Life that is death, Dungeon named with a lie,
This temple would, by wealth in glittering arms,
Warrant your tears if ignorance could weep.
True being is locked up in tombs ; and die
Must one in death before the immanent charms
Of life he may discern as in a sleep.

WITH A GIFT OF ROSES

YE virgin blooms, in my Belovéd's breast
 Beg leave to guest :
Sweet nuns immured in arms of hallowed walls,
 Chaste, fair, and blest
Where foot of no despoiler falls,
Your radiant semblance then recalls.

But O, such bowers a sepulchre supply
 Wherein flowers lie
So virginal that when to death they move
 They wholly die !—
Thus, Cruel, shall thy bosom prove
Grave unmaturing to my love.

A RONDEL

ROSALIND, my Love, arise !
Morn is here, and needs thine eyes :
Want them doth she for the day
Will not hither while they're away.
Rosalind, my Love, arise !
If those collateral beams delay
Longer in their curtains, say,
How can Day her light devise ?
Rosalind, my Love, arise !
Those lights of my Belovéd, they
Are, they alone, the break of day :
Morn is here, and needs thine eyes.
Rosalind, my Love, arise !

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BEHOLD amid thy splendour one who stands
Lost in a feeling fellowed to amaze !
Nor could the passing forth of many days
Tread down a memory such as this commands.
Great monument of mind and cunning hands !
Thy lustre is the scroll of their full praise
Who from the Spirit learned those prosperous ways
Wherein they fashioned all that here expands.

Sacredness breathe the very stones : how dead
The sprite that in this benediction glows
And swells not, balm that no soul leaves unfed !
A towering emblem art thou—one that shows,
In matter limned, what spirit may disclose :
Alone they're not—how absolute when thus wed !

SEASONS SACRED

Now green again the valley grows,
Whence virginal flowers are borne ;
The quickening winds have blown the snows
Into the brakes of thorn.

Here daily among the Spring's array
Make glad my Love and I ;
And ever, " O why this ill delay ? "
My heart aloud will cry.

Abide, thou heart, unquiet such :
The lily in Lent that blows
Must lose ere Nature's later touch
Shall ripen Summer's rose.

TO THE JEWISH MAIDENS IN WHITECHAPEL

JEWISH maidens, ye that dwell
In the bounds of Whitechapel,
Fair or pallid, fine or plump,
Eastward hailing of the Pump,
Hark ye, girls now, seeing I do
Into rhyme a song for you.

To your brothers here I bring
Nothing in this my offering ;
Ptolemaic Egypt knew them,
Roman Emperors did sue them,
Babylonia, Charlemagne,
From out their commerce shaped a gain—
They follow well their wonted skill
Here within our London still.

But to you, dear maidens all,
Too-ample, dark, or light, or small—
Though the Higher Criticism
Brings to you no pyrrhonism ;
Although the Halakah's laws
And the good Haggadah's saws

TO THE JEWISH MAIDENS

Ye know over by heart or not ;
Though ye care not any jot
What the Koran made recurrent
On the Jewish legends' warrant ;
How Assyria, Palestine,
And Egypt know their pregnant line ;
How the Septuagintal scroll
And that of Aquila unroll
With Theodotion's, and denote
The period of Apocryphal rote ;
How by Philo's thoughts 'tis seen
What the Hebraical Hellene
Had in common with the Jew,
And with the noble Grecian too :
These and things a thousand more,
Tanaim or Amoraim lore,
Or questions of philology,
Trouble not the likes of ye—
But, maidens, unto you I bring
This my song and offering.

Maidens sure, ye all have heard
Of Isaiah, chapter third—
How the girls enhanced their charms,
Nor encompassed their alarms ;
How the singers upon the hills
Lift their voice, that ringing fills
All the vales, ye know. It sings
Of the praise that beauty brings ;

TO THE JEWISH MAIDENS

And at closing of the Day
Of Atonement doth it play.

Proverbs telleth more anon,
And so the Song of Solomon ;
These showing well thy sisters loved
Beauty, that their pleasure proved.
Sarah and Rebekah pale,
Rachel fair and Abigail
(Or, if ye would settle it so,
Esther, Rahab, Vashti show
For the two of middle place)—
Fair were these of form and face ;
And their own sisters, we know well,
Live even now in Whitechapel.

Asher's daughters, too, were given
Beauty by the hand of Heaven ;
Jewish maidens, then are ye
In immaculate company.
Though skins of yours are not so white
As would demand the Shulamite,
Black hair have ye built aloft
And clear-sparkling eyes as soft
As maidens wore in ancient days ;
Much were this alone to praise.

Hoods have given room to hats ;
Rolls repealed the one-time plaits.

TO THE JEWISH MAIDENS

Still, ye trim with all the taste
Of sweet maidens, fair and chaste.
But flowers ye be of early May :
The matriarchs of old did stay
Longer from their woman's realm,
And kept their beauty by the helm ;
While mothers yours are mothers young ;
And ye the same shall number among,
Losing early all the bloom
Here borne by marriage to the tomb.
And when my Rachel I would woo her,
Leah, stop not my way to her.

The rabbis told, in ages gone,
How nine-tenths of the beauty upon
The earth, no less, was lodged with them
Within their fair Jerusalem ;
But though no praise we tell for you
So broad as that, it were but due
To have acclaimed how passing fair
Are many among you lodgéd there.

Maidens, now my song hath ending ;
Still, it seems, there lacks the blending
Therein what I lief had sung
For amulets yourselves among.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

MAIDENS, be a trifle coy
If a follower you'd enthrall :
Where's the man would find his joy
In a pleasure given to all ?

But, when you have found a lover
Handsome with a heart of gold,
Virginal though he would prove her,
Love would perish in the cold.

Like a jewel in its casket
Keep your love until the day
Some kind wooer in truth shall ask it—
Give it then for good and aye.

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY

THIS mind, a granary of the winnowed gold
Of multitudinous seasons, this ripe heart
Fulfilled through long probation in the part,
Perish shall these when they completeness hold,
I asked. But Reason then replied and fit,
That life is saved by using, and is o'erthrown
By stint ; and lengthful enough for those alone
Who in some pregnant labour shorten it.

Said she : From narrow share in wealth's inferred
Like ground to squander gainless ; therefore even,
Death contemplating to known life constrains.
Only creation's sound : what man shall hoard
He takes to the grave ; and what he away hath given
Is the sole gathering that to him remains.

TO A GIRL SEEN IN A GARDEN
AT VERSAILLES

MAIDEN, me entrancing wholly,
Standing outside life and folly
Thou art splendid with the grace
Of a calm removed place ;
On firmer limbs and features fine
Health writ never to slander thine ;
Twelve summers, could they bring to be
One radiant thing outbeaming thee ?

Thy beauty burns me like a flame,
Thou hidden child of wondered name ;
What bliss were thus to aye behold
A thing so perfect never dulled !
For ever would I have thy power
Make good and beautiful the bower
I dwelt in, and some link divine
Between thy spirit made and mine.

Flitting among these garden trees,
A golden sprite of health and ease,
Splendid art thou with a spell
That earth would lack to parallel.
Dearer than pearls to misers be
Shall prove this memory unto me ;
Nay, while one sacred thought is mine,
Whose, maiden, shall it be but thine ?

A LAMENT

(From the German)

PLAINING and penitence load me in Spring :
Mirth, alas, no more is mine.
Now to the Winter shall I sing
Lays that my winter and longing divine.

Loyalty, longing, lack wage in kind.
Days that are worthless, dull without mind,
In labour and vanity are declined.
Judge thee I will not. Ah ! but see,
Beloved, thou hast not done well by me !

FOR THE RENDEZVOUS

(From the Early German)

THAT you're my true love, ah !
That you know well.
Come in the night, come in the night ;
Your name to me tell.
Come you at midnight or
Come you at one,
Father sleeps, mother sleeps—
I sleep alone.
Knock on the chamber-door,
Knock on the blind,
Father thinks, mother thinks,
That's but the wind.

AN OLD SONG

WEEP no longer ! Weep no more—
Still do I love thee as before !
The fountains that your eyes o'rflood
Shall stay, to find me kind and good.

Moan no longer ! Moan no more—
Still do I love thee as before !
Past is winter ; and lo ! the Spring
That no heart has for a weeping thing.

Grieve no longer ! Grieve no more—
Still do I love thee as before !
Health shall house in our bosoms that bled
Come kiss me, Dear, and care is dead.

THE GOLDEN AGE

(A VOLUNTARY)

WE yearn for that broad atmosphere—that wholesome,
That clear calm air that blew through ancient times
And types ; we strain our vision to catch sight
Of that large dawn that bathed the hills and ocean
In lustre deathless young, when men were gods,
No less, and women goddesses, those strong
And single-hearted, and these comely, simple,
And quite superb. Ah ! then was music :
Leaves, winds, and waters, and the wash of ships
Under their lees, the clanging of bright armour,
The girls and young men singing and light-dancing,
The while the sober Gods looked kindly on—
In that grand age, that age of sun and candour,
Of nobleness and majesty and calm.

Odysseus then fared dauntless on his way
Along the world—into that cave
Of Polyphemus, in the land of giants,
Into that island where
High-rapt among those olive trees he hears

THE GOLDEN AGE

The voice of Circe, that sweet wanton witch,
Singing her magic song the while she fares
Before her loom of gold. Bethink ye then
Of him in realms o' the dead—his rest and travail
In that Isle of Calypso, the kind sea-goddess—
Of how Nausicaa, loveliest of all maids,
Gave greeting to him ; and all his ripe adventures
Until refound with staunch Penelope—
How sane, how broad, how wholesome is the tale !

Now is the world become a worn-out thing,
Jaded and very stiff in all its joints,
Lacking the vital juice, a hard set thing.
Shepherds no more will pipe the while their loves
Listen enraptured ; all the old gods are banished
For ever from their thrones ; the fishermen,
Drawing their nets along the lonely coasts,
Think not of nymphs and Neptune ; nor the springs
Longer are coupled with the naiad's plainings.
The dim and thymy woods, where hunts the bee
For nectar, where the timorous countryman
Dreamt of the dryads and steep oreads
And lusty Pan, have lost their awed enchantment ;
The shelving uplands, redolent of the winds,
Ne'er show one god. The goatherd as he mends
His sandals, and the hind who carves new staves,
The girls who busk them for the vintaging,
Those listening to the gale that sweeps along

THE GOLDEN AGE

Between the beeches and the pines, expecting
To hear from out the starry darknesses
The horn of that fleet Huntress and her maids,
Driving the chase with hounds—these are no more.
Adonis has no fashion now in the cities ;
Nor damsels, love-lorn, any longer do
Their magic rites beneath a mystic moon,
Knitting up spells to bind the men they love.
Who sings of Daphnis now between the vines
And under gray-gowned olives ? Our late junketings,
Our harvest homes and trippings in the dance,
Have lost their features ; and our youth are limp
In body ; and our nice maidens feel their purse
And not their pulse.

The flutes and running water

Must needs have sounded sweeter in those days.
And, though the sky laughs just as blue over my
Dear land as that sky laughed o'er younger earth,
And on its margin washes the bright sea
With sapphire and with silver, ah ! the lovers,
The dancing, and the dryads, and the Spring,
The life of happiness and that full adventure,
Where are they ?
Greater than these, Australia, shall be thine,
For now men come to life within your bounds.

A SHEPHERD'S INVOCATION

THOU essence indeterminate,
Thou heart of love and truth elate,
 I know thee in my sight
The boast of all sublimable,
Thou loveliest thing unlimnable,
 The depth of all delight.

Thou fair and pleasurable power
That ties the magic into a flower
 Or lives along the sun,
How gladly through the fields I go !
How fain am I thy forms to know !
 And I love them every one.

Thou art the sinews of the sea ;
The earth has nerves alone in thee ;
 The cloud thy spirit steers.
Thy robe's embossed with golden bars—
Thy mantle woven of the stars
 And knit among the spheres.

O urge my soul that it shall be
A power in perpetuity
 When I have made it plain.
So heard I while I fared along
A singer as once he turned this song
 And sang it well and fain.

TO SOLITUDE

SOLITUDE, I woo thee well.

Vital voice thou art to me :
Pregnant so the tones that swell
In thy dilation prove to be
That listen, and lo ! far-pacing comes
The quick from toil-forgotten tombs.

Would the world have men for mad
Ever with riot base and pain,
Gifts thou hast to get them glad—
Whence the spirit may regain
Some portion in that Larger Soul
That doth permeate the Whole.

Why art thou so potent, say !
Is't for that Perspective finds
Thee best means by which she may
Measure through our populous minds
Just conceptions, sound if free,
Touching things forsa'en of thee ?

A SONNET

IN dreams while Death's calm hand did hold the night
A heart-blest vision on the gloom was thrown ;
And there a wondrous little maid was shown
Housed in a cloud of heaven-drenchéd light.
About her seemed to stay attendants bright,
Who touched from sounding harps immortal tone
And sung rich harmonies, such as but known
When all Love's sweet true hymns are turned aright.

Then sudden came a foul and hideous cloud
Bearing in its black womb great deadly things,
Which over all it belched—my Love as well.
And lo ! that host as grinning demons crowd,
From praise a horrent scourging discord springs,
And she's a hag that mocks the dark in hell.

THE GREEN CURSE

I PONDERED the golden time, and the tears
 Weeping to have us part ;
And a troop of wild thoughts came with spears,
 And hurled them into my heart.

Your bosom was like a wood upfilled
 With beds of wholesome flowers.
Why did it hide that asp I killed
 In those supporting bowers ?

A WARNING

MAIDEN, leave this folly be !
So pure and fair, and loving me,
Surely would I weep for thee.

Tempt me not with those dear eyes—
Altars where the flames that rise
Solicit to the sacrifice.

God hath shown thee like a Spring
Where all Heaven is sojourning—
I am not a holy thing.

THE THREE LOVERS

(Partly Imitated from Uhland)

THREE travellers on a maiden gaze—

A little maiden cold in death.

The first his warm hand on her lays ;

And these the single words he quietly saith :

Well did I love thee ere the veil

Of death thy features had defiled.

I would have, said the second, pale,

If thou hadst lived and learned to love me, Child.

The third bent down and kissed her brow.

Fear not, he whispered ; still be true :

I've loved thee long, I love thee now—

Through all Eternity I'll love thee too.

THE CASKET

I DREAMED that my Beloved once to me gave
A casket, riched with cunning work and rare
Priceless with jewels filled, so clean and fair
That not the world ever approved more brave.
Deep in my heart I held it good to have,
Joying to think 'tshould ever abide in there
Until my spirit, being eject and bare,
Crept forth, an emanation of the grave.

But placing it one night beneath my head,
Agued I opened it ; for through that while
Mysterious dreams had fashion and as vile.
And lo ! I found there, on a fulsome bed,
Horrible relics plundered from the dead,
The encompassed ruin of an harlot's guile.

THE BACHELOR

ON winter evenings I desire
An armchair kind against a fire,
A bowl of punch, a pipe, to prove
What simple pleasures may remove
Those cares that would day-waking minds require.

And should a friend be dropping in,
His hand I'll grip, and hope to win,
By subtlety of some good debate,
His company till the hour be late ;
At his full ease I'll fix him there ;
My soothing weed with him I'll share ;
And punch of mine shall rouse his wit,
That what he'll say will have to spare
Of grateful jovial jests in it.

But should that friend forget to come,
Why, then I'll sit with Solitude,
Tales how sweet that tells and good !
Now God assist (for there are some)
Who take it Solitude is dumb !

NATURE'S PROMPTING

KINDLY Youth and kisses sweet—
Kisses that are had for asking !
Age shall sorely take to the tasking
Lovered lips did leave to meet
Oft when youth made kisses sweet.

Generous Youth and roses red—
Dearest blossoms vernal-blowing,
Fairest garlands e'er had growing,
Are those roses, roses red !
Pluck them—soon will they be dead.

Golden Youth and all things gay
Are given, alas, to plainéd fleeting !
Then to merry lovers' meeting !
Though the Spring alone's for play,
It is a time that will not stay.

THE CHASE

Lo where the runner, like a rapéd girl,
Throws his feet lightly down upon the ground
And learns to fly, a cloud of ribbéd dust
Fast following him. Terror hath eaten up
His countenance ; and his long and nervous limbs
Are screwed in the agony of a great endeavour.

Lo where those demons, ravenous as the dingo,
And fleet as old men kangaroos, come on him,
Their hungry spears held firm into their hands.
Their coalblack hair, that gloomed for many a foot
Their gleaming hides, now has the hard gale hammered
Into a mass of grainéd ebony,
Stuck out behind ; and from it drops warm ooze
Of their lithe travail, down into the dust
That bites their nimble heels. Their glittering eyes
Shine with a ghastly radiance ; for Lust
Has thrown his weird light there. Their foul mouths gape
With horrent fangs ; and their extremities
Are furnished with keen knives of poisonous claws.
Thrown are their labouring loins against the wind
In nerved commotion, which hath all their bodies
At strain—it is, ay, curious to look on.

THE CHASE

Thus past the forests of silver-sheathéd gum,
Of perfumed wattle, and late-conéd pine,
Then fly, and see them not ; for Lust hath shown
How fine to prey on hunter-fearful things,
While Terror hath proposed unto that other
Imaginings that shake him into life.
And here we leave them for some little space,
Agued to think how near those hungry spears
Are, that would slide into his timid heart.

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND

EMPIRE DAY, 1909

ENGLAND, thy loins have lost their fabled powers—
Or wherefore ease in these too-pregnant times ?
An apathy cancerous o'ergrows and devours
Thy vital parts, yea, through thy marrow climbs.
Hear'st not the foreign forges' baleful groans
Their ominous burdens under ? Nor the moans
Of immolate woods, where tears the shipman's axe
Their waste and bleeding backs ?
Hit'st not in prospect the yet-pruned wings
In clouds lifting complete deforming things ?
These, England, would thy dissolution urge :
Thorns our foes are lashing upon the scourge ;
And bleed shall thy poor limbs ? and thou be thrown
Into the dust ? O, say how long
Shalt nod like unto a shepherd in a vale
Dream-lulled, the while these iron trumpets, strong
Shouting the present better-couchéd tale
For our full-droning British mind,
Scatter their service and no hearing find !
And what shall boot this fretful armament
If whole the nation, in a fair concent,

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND

To enforce it rise not ? Let us pin
Our men to patriot discipline ;
And build them to a might
Shall aye maintain the right !
Else wert thou but that fatted skeleton
Whose flesh would lose and's gone
In the stern touch of lively war, thy bones
Sown broad by alien winds, thy groans
Forgot, while unaccustomed hands clutch those
Great stores for which thou'rt taxing thy security.
Shall History's pregnant audit prompt in vain,
Alas ! that foreign exultation owns
This land times former proud ?
Thy starred traditions earth and ashes be ?
This generation our subverting stain ?
The once-reared spirit, past is that and dead ?
Or but in beardless nations bred ?
Ye men of England, rise ! Again your loins
Upgird ! the while our brood, the earth-sown, joins
With consonant heart and anxious eye
To hold your sun up where 'tshall never die.
Alas, good Mother, shake thy stagnant sides !
Awake ! cast eyes ahead but through one pace
In this hot-moving race !
Show now what patriot power abides
In stuff thou'rt made of ! Let us feel
How good to call thee Mother still !
Love, so presuming, prompts the part
That lays this pleading on our troubled heart.

TO AUSTRALIA

THOU sun-espousalled well-belovéd Land,
Lo I, who practise in this precious trade,
Probation in remotest ways have made
For skill to endow thy yet-expecting hand.
Burning through shining hells of ravenous sand
I've gone ; great mountains, meads that cannot fade,
Stooping-old cities, seas, the nether shade
Of being and its laughing light, are scanned.

I hope some cunning thence shall even form
Such fit things surely none shall find them shamed
To say : He has limned out our larger soul.
With patience bear thou, then, this purpose warm
That still lacks head, that would alone be named
Honourable on our national scroll.



DAR

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